

was set apart for them on both sides of the Arkansas River, in the State of Kansas. This treaty was never ratified by Congress, and they for several years were left without any land they could call their own. Being thus deprived of their lands, they committed some depredations upon the settlers, which resulted in the treacherous massacre of Sand Creek, and their ultimate removal to the Territory, where they at present reside, living mostly at peace, though not satisfied with their removal from Kansas and Colorado.

Perhaps this Sand Creek massacre should receive more than the passing notice I had intended giving it: and I will just state here, that in the summer of 1864, some depredations and robberies were committed by the Cheyennes and Arapahoes upon settlements in Colorado, their former home, from which they had been driven, and for which they had not been compensated. In consequence of these outrages, the Cheyenne village of Cedar Bluffs was attacked by United States troops, and between twenty and thirty Indians killed, and as many more wounded. Petty depredations were continued until fall, when the Indians, becoming tired of hostilities, desired peace, and applied to Major Wynkoop, commander at Fort Lyon, to negotiate a treaty. He ordered the Indians to assemble about Fort Lyon, under his assurance of safety and protection. They accordingly assembled, about five hundred men, women, and children, under the charge of a chief who had all along opposed hostilities with the whites. While here, in a defenceless condition, under promise of protection from a commissioned officer of the United States army Colonel Chivington, at the head of company of a United States troops, was permitted to surround, and slaughter without mercy, the whole band. This inaugurated an Indian war, which, as has been stated, withdrew eight thousand troops from those engaged in suppressing the rebellion, cost the government about thirty millions of dollars, at the small loss to the Indians of not over twenty men killed.

After remaining over night at this Agency, which really seemed like an oasis in a desert, I started on, with an ox train, to complete my journey to the Wichita Agency, the